'IN RUHLEBEN CAMP'

"Its a long long wy to Tipperary."

August Bank Holiday Number.

THRIPPENCE.

No. 4.

MISS MOLLY M'GINTY SENDS US THE FOLLOWING UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL:

Frivolity Theatre
Ruhleben W.

Dear Sirs:

Algy brought me a packet of your really splendid and excellent toffee to the stage door last night and I feel I must really write to tell you how good I think it is So wholesome and pure. It reminds me of my last tour in England where I always ate your Toffee de Luxe Don't it just splendid being able to get it at the Ruhleben Stores here?

Yours very sincerely

Molly M'Ginty.

ENGLISH TOFFEE: 2 packets 15 Pfg. at Ruhleben Stores.

TO THE MERCHANTS IN THE CAMP WHO USE ADVERTISING PUBLICITY IN A LARGE WAY:

When Ruhleben is over remember

HUDSON SCOTT & SONS LTD.

(By Royal appointment)

CARLISLE, BIRMINGHAM, LONDON, PARIS etc.

The World's biggest Tin Printers.
Advertising & Publicity of every sort.

In Ruhleben Camp

No. 4. August 1915.

IT'S AUGUST MONDAY! We can't lie in bed for that extra half-hour because there's a bath party at eight o'clock. We can put on our Sunday togs but why should we? We can't take our morning walk past the six-mile limit because we can't get further than three-quarters of a mile and besides there is no pub at that end of the Camp. We can't walk down the High Street throwing the glad eye because there is nothing to throw the glad eye at, and there isn't a single shop in Ruhleben at which one can buy a lady-teaser. We can't take 'Arriet to 'Appy 'Amstead because there is no 'Arriet and no 'Amstead, and we can't take the Missus and the kids to the seaside because there isn't any missus and there are no kids, and tho' we've plenty of sand, the sea is a very long way off. And there is no Cycling Race Meeting because Dick Halpin's is the only bicycle in the Camp, and there is no Race Meeting because tho' we've got the Race Course we've no horses to put on it. We can dance in the evening, but who wants to waltz with a great lout of a man — and all the pubs are closed. It's worse than living in Glasgow for a year of Sundays. But are we down-hearted? Of course not!

WE hear that at the next Promenade Concert, Messrs. F. Ch. Adler and J. Peebles-Conn will sing the duett: — "You made me love you" (I didn't want to do it.)

YOU need not hesitate about buying hot-water tickets. We understand Mr. Powell has other "business" cards.

WE are not aware, however, that the next issue of tickets will bear the Camp Captain's address, age, birthplace, as well as his qualifications (if any.).

ARTS & SCIENCE UNION

NEW SERIES OF LECTURES

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLAND AS A GREAT POWER. — *Mr. Masterman*
Fridays 9—10

DYNAMICS OF A PARTICLE. — *Mr. Bröse*
Sundays 8—9

TECHNICAL ELECTRO-CHEMISTRY. *Mr. Hatfield*
Thursdays 10—11

Mr. Bainton's first series of Lectures on Music have terminated. He will return to the subject in September, taking the individual Composers. Mr. Leigh Henry is commencing a series of Lectures on Contemporary Composers, commencing August 15th, continuing every Sunday at 10 a. m. The musicians dealt with will include Arnold Schönberg, Fred. Delius, Alex. Scriabine, Igor Stravinski, Modern French, Hungarian, Italian and Russian; the Italian Futurist Movement.

Unless unforeseen events take place, it will now be possible to fit out a portion of the Loft of Barrack VI for Science Work, in which the A. & S. U. will have a share.

For Monday Evening a number of educative and artistic productions are in preparation.

An Italian circle, conducted by Mr. Cutayar will meet in Thursdays at 3 p. m.

The Wednesday and Saturday morning and afternoon popular lectures will continue as usual.

H. S. HATFIELD
Hon. Sec. Bar. 3, Box 10.

PARCELS.

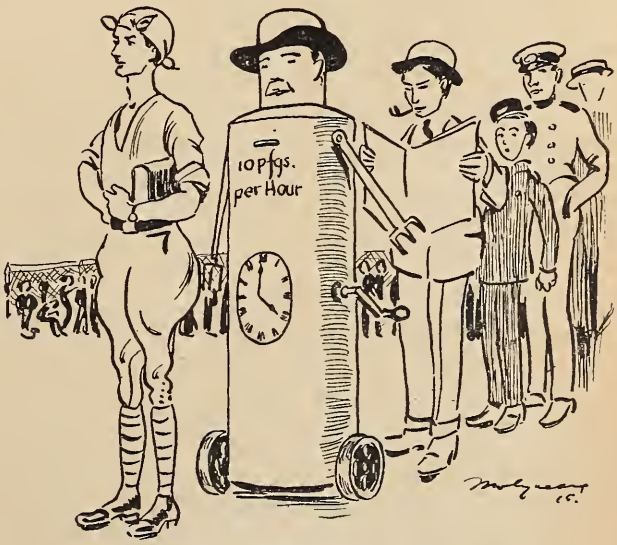
By our Special Reporter.

"WHAT do YOU want? Can't you read the notice on the door?"

Thus the greeting, hurled at me in agressive tones, by a still more agressive individual, as I — in obedience to a command from the Chief to "write-up a column or two on the bally Parcels Office we must fill up the rag somehow" stood upon the threshold of that Holy of Holies, the Ruhleben Parcels Office. A hurried glance at the notice in question "Kein Eintritt" assured me that, as a representative of the Press, I had nothing to fear on that score, but a second glance at the individual referred to again demolished my feeling of security. He looked really TOO agressive! However, putting the best face upon the matter — and myself — I handed in my "Legitimations-papiere" which, combined with my "interviewer's smile" proved too strong to be resisted.

"Here, Shirty, here's a man from the Camp rag wants to know what we've done with that parcel without a name, or something of that sort. Take him along to Mary Ellen, or to Father Droege or somebody. Anyrate, get him out of here, for the Lord's sake! We've got about 2000 "Stück" here and another truck advised. 226 London, John M. Boyd. (that's the sixth to-day!) 35 London, Albany, Featherstonhaugh (What the deuce do people want to have names like that for?) Oh, goodbye, Sir, Shirty will see to you."

With this unintelligible valediction ringing in my ears, I prepared to follow Mr. "Shirty", a gentleman of expansive smile and ditto waist, when I was conscious of a square and substantial-looking parcel exceeding the speed-limit in the direction of my head. With an egality begot of long practice in the Editorial Sanctum. I ducked in time to see the parcel catch



Dummy Figure for waiting in the Parcel Line. 'Moves up' at the rate of a mile a year (slower if desired). You can leave it in the Queue & come back a week later to find you're only one off the Ticket Office.

the agressive gentleman in the breadbasket, and, after interrupting the subsequent discussion by pointing out that to open fire on a non-combatant without previous warning was a breach of International Law, I followed my Brobdignagian guide to the "Back of Beyond".

I knew of course, SOMETHING about Parcels. I had received advices of parcels which never turned up. I had waited hours — cold frosty hours. I have seen more fortunate individuals returning from that queue wreathed in smiles and laden with parcels (their explanation that they were for their friends has always seemed to me deficient in originality) but never have I seen such stacks of parcels as burst upon my vision on this occasion. On every side they towered, mountain high, and seemed to me to gaze frowningly upon this prying intruder upon their state. In the midst of this ocean, I beheld seated in a deck-chair, a mild-looking person, who, upon closer examination, proved to be asleep.

His absolute oblivion to the deafening racket round about was conclusive proof to me that the individual in question had the Sleeping Beauty, the Seven Sleepers, Barrack X, and all other holders of sleeping records — to quote the language of the Publicity Manager — "beat to a-frazzle" and, upon hearing that this was the gentleman I was to interview, I murmured softly "some sleeper" and turned to depart, when my guide intimated that he thought he could wake him.

"One moment" I cried "the poor fellow must be worn out with his exertions. Don't disturb him! I can come back later on."

My guide regarded me pityingly and with a murmured explanation of which I could only understand the word "Casino" he vanished round a larg stack of parcels, to reappear with a megaphone composed of the remains of two biscuit tins. Applying this to the ear of the sleeper he roared in stentorian tones "Aufstehen"!

The magic word did not fail of its effect. The sleeper stirred uneasily, muttered in protesting tones "Habe heute morgen bis 1 Uhr gearbeitet" and finally awoke. After explaining that he had a very heavy morning's work and commenting upon the closeness of the

(Continued on page 6)

A.D. Garden
1915.

atmosphere he consented to give me some details as to the nature of the Parcels Office labours.

"First of all, Mr. D." I asked "can you give me some figures? They make a good impression, you know, at the commencement of an article."

"Well", said my informant "the staff of the Parcels Office has grown from two to sixteen permanent members, in addition to which we often have to get in temporary assistance. Prior to January, we had no proper statistics, but since the beginning of the year we have delivered, according to our books, over 102,5000 parcels. Calculating the average value of a parcel at 4/— — which in my opinion is below rather than above the correct figure — we have handled, since the beginning of the year, goods to the value of over £ 20,500. In June last we delivered an average of about 1050 parcels daily, and our record delivery was sixteen hundred odd.

"I presume you get parcels from other countries besides England" I asked, as soon as I had recovered from the shock of the above figures.

"Oh yes. I am still old-fashioned enough to look upon Ireland and Scotland as England, but in addition we get large numbers from France, Switzerland, Hollaand, Portugal, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Canada, U. S. A., S. Africa, India, Algeria, Cairo."

"Kamschatka, Potter's Bar" I murmured irreverently, with memories of the "Private Secretary" strong in mind.

"Oh yes. Well, the latter at any rate" was the smiling reply."

"Let me see, you did not always have this room, did you?"

"Oh no, we began in very humble fashion, but the increase in numbers forced us to enlarge our premises, with the result that we can now deal with 1000 parcels in less time than with 300 to 400 formerly. The expenses of the alterations were borne out of the surplus from the daily charges."

"That reminds me, what becomes of the money taken here, Mr. D.?"

"It goes to pay the fees charged by the Post Office for delivering the German Parcels, and to cover the incidental expenses of our working. Any surplus is handed over to the Camp authorities."

"You do not, of course, pay any salaries?"

"Certainly not. All our workers give their services free.

OVERHEARD. "An arm-band is an affliction, but a button's a disease!"

and the only acknowledgment is a pass to the Casino. (There they have no pay like everyone else) I fear the fact that we are all volunteers here is occasionally lost sight of by some members of the Camp, for one would sometimes imagine that we were the paid servants of these gentlemen, when they come up to fetch their parcels. We feel rather keenly upon this point at times."

"But Mr. D. —, I am sure that the Camp appreciates your work." "I beleive it does, and I am glad to say that the individuals mentioned form only a very small percentage of our — shall I say "customers".

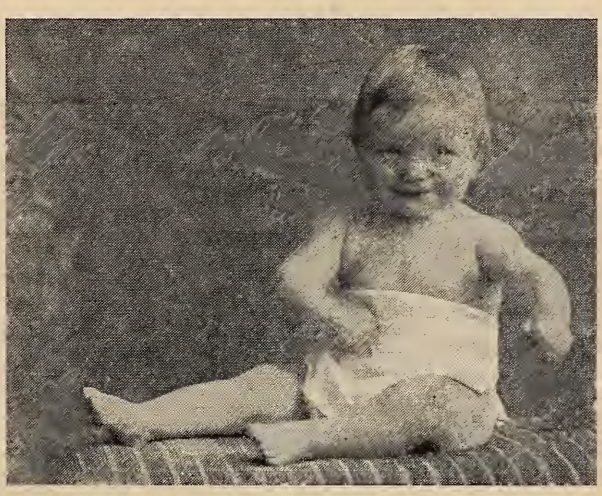
"And now, Mr. D. —, I should like to put a question which is agitating the whole of Camp. What becomes of the unclaimed parcels? I have heard people assert that the staff looks far too robust, having regard to the conditions under which it works, and though I would be the last to make any suggestions, still —".

"That, Sir, I regard as a most unfounded aspersion, and I am sorry to see that the Camp is apparently inclined to measure the Parcels Post Corn with the Hot Water Bushel. So far from having any unclaimed parcels, we generally have about fifty claimants for every doubtful parcel. In fact, I think I may say that the only thing we have been unable to find an owner for is a baby — or rather the photograph of one — which was found by one of our staff in a truck. Whether there is any ulterior motive in the reticence of the fond parent, I do not know, but, unless you are able through the medium of your invaluable publication to throw any light upon the Baby's parentage we are thinking of adopting it."

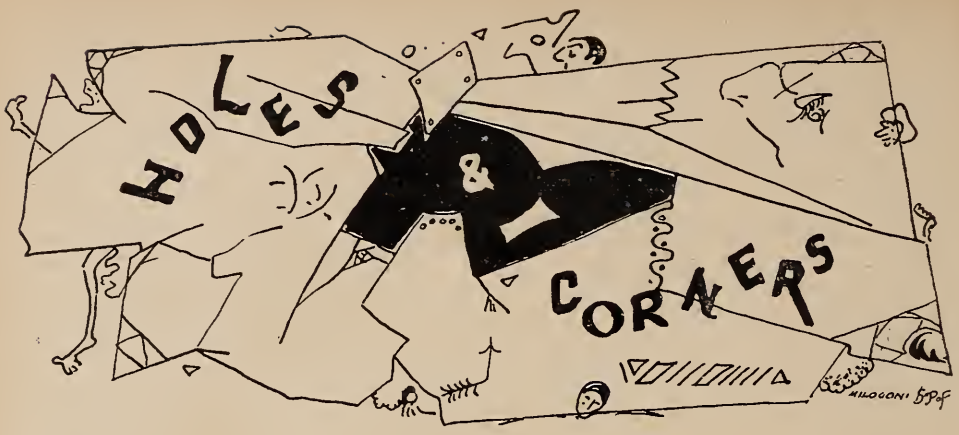
"Well, Mr. D.—, I will see what we can do, and I have to thank you for you courtesy."

"Don't mention it, please. Good-night!"

X. Y. Z.



This belongs to someone HERE
The plump Little Devil or at least his photograph has been found in our Camp Parcel Office!
Daddy Please claim me!



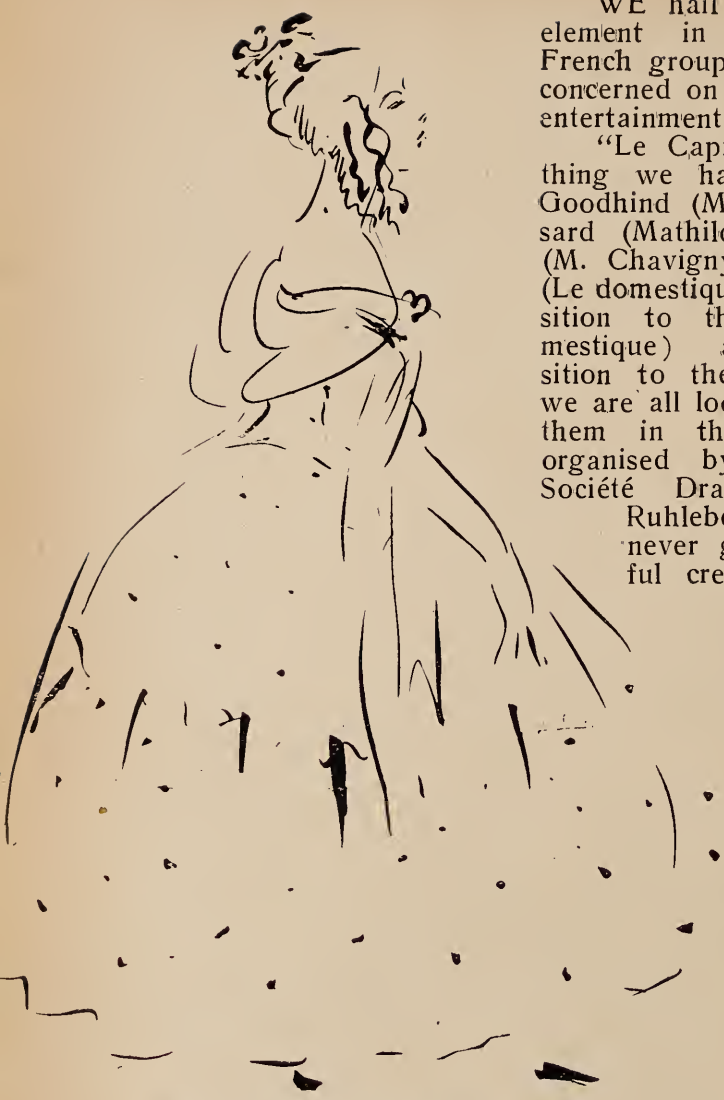
We have had a busy fortnight and an interesting one. Most of the time we have spent in discussing what kind of a medal we shall award ourselves. Let it be said to the credit of the Camp, that a very large proportion of it is asking: "A Medal — what have we done for a medal?" The fact remains that certain societies have already ordered these decorations and many are to be in the best eighteen carat. We cannot state the case better than by quoting our friend Barney. This is how he put it. "When I get home, perhaps one day I shall be in a pub having a drink and in will walk Tommy Atkins minus one eye, one ear, or a leg or so and we shall drop into conversation. Tommy will show his modest bronze medal awarded him for having fought bravely for his country and I shall show a gold medal for having sat here in Ruhleben doing nothing. Who will look the mug?" The whole discussion is, we feel, very inopportune and inappropriate. "See it through" and then talk of commemorative badges, medals or other tokens. When we return to England we shall perhape regain the sense of proportion we have lost in Ruhleben and realise that we are merely unfortunates — nothing more. Wearing Ruhleben medals will be tantamount to asking for pity or sympathy — admiration is out of the question! We are heartily in sympathy with Thursday's meeting and regret that the fact that we go to press so early prevents our reporting it in this number. The crux of the whole matter is that certain groups have spoken or attempted to speak in the name of the Camp as a whole. If these people insist on having their medals, they must do so as individuals and make it quite clear that they are NOT the Camp but a small minority in it.

CONGRATULATIONS to the Entertainment Committee on their excellent organisation of the Art Exhibition which gave the Camp untold pleasure for several days. There was a terrific amount of work involved which Mr. Hotopf carried out with the utmost praiseworthy tact and despatch. We are looking forward to the next Exhibition which we understand will be organised under the same auspices. And no entrance fee! Really, we are improving.

(Continued on page 10)

The Gentleman of the Fortnight.'

MR CROSSLAND ——— BRIGGS ESQ



A LADY FROM THE FRENCH PLAY.

WE hail the advent of a new element in the Camp — the French group and congratulate those concerned on the charming evening's entertainment provided.

"Le Caprice" was the prettiest thing we have yet seen. Messrs. Goodhind (Mme De Léry), J. Frossard (Mathilde), W. A. C. Meyer (M. Chavigny) and S. H. Gudgeon (Le domestique) are a valuable acquisition to the Ruhleben (Le domestique) are a valuable acquisition to the Ruhleben stage and we are all looking forward to seeing them in the three French plays organised by the recently formed Société Dramatique Française de Ruhleben. Dr. Lechmere has never given us such wonderful creations as those crinolines, while "Bill" — known to the outside world as Mr. Meyer — looked simply splendid.

Mr. MacMillan and his orchestra gave us a really sympathetic rendering of a very well chosen programme. The first evening we had Mr. Boqued as soloist and on the second Mr. Pender gave us a little talk on Alfred de Musset and his work. The were both so enjoyable that we would have liked to have bad them on both occasions. Glad to see the A & S. U. are keeping the prices down.

IN connection with this question of entertainment prices, Mr. H. S. Hatfield has sent us an excellent suggestion. He proposes that once a month a free ticket for a stalls seat be given to every member of the Camp. This ticket could be exchanged at the Box Office for a numbered stall by lining up in the usual way. The recipient could choose the show for which he would use his ticket and thus every man in the Camp would be certain of a comfortable evening's enjoyment.

This almost inspiress us to a new rendering. "Out of the mouths of Supermen and Arts & Science Secretaries shall come forth wisdom."

WE have already thrown a bouquet at the Entertainments Committee for having lowered their prices and they may rest assured that all the Camp thinks the better of them for so doing — all the Camp that counts, that is. Some people have complained bitterly at the box office we are told, on the score that the lowering of prices will make tickets more difficult to get and make the box office queue longer than ever. These are the sort of snobs that the Camp has to sit on and we will always be very glad to help! Of course we do not presume to suggest that this lowering of prices is in any way due to the expression of the opinion of the Camp in our last number — still it is a happy coincidence.

WE throw a bouquet (in a glass case, like one puts on graves) at Mr. Wagenheim for the "Devotion" he expressed in such a beautiful way at the last Promenade Concert!

PLEASE note that during August and September Mr. Lucas' Indian Club Class will practice (weather permitting) from 10 to 11 a. m. on the recreation ground, daily. (Sundays excepted). Instruction free — clubs provided. All are welcome.

SOME OF THE EXCLUSIVES

"What do they keep them fellows in that pen for Bill?"
"Garn! that ain't no pen, thats a Club"!

RUHLEBEN ACCORDING TO OTTO.

(A Reader has extracted the following from his Otto-Sauer Grammar.)

TIME does not always fly.

If you are ill you will receive some aspirin.

The black crow of the soldier has eaten three cherries, one boot-lace and a soup spoon.

The fortunate man will receive many parcels.

Half a race-course is better than no bread.

The captain is excessively proud, but nobody knows the reason.

I shall return (fut. indef.) to my parents with much pleasure.

The alley-way is unpleasant, but the loft is worse.

The banker has returned from Hamburg; he will not drink any more champagne.

If you attend the lecture you will sleep well.

There are many bottles but no beer.

On the trousers of Charles there are many patches.

The impudent prisoner said that he would like to see the Balance Sheet (balance des comptes f.). He is certainly a presumptuous person.

In the Camp there arose a few ducks but many ducks' eggs.

My brother Charles says that we shall soon go. — Your brother Charles is a liar.

The badge of the London and Home Counties gentlemen will make an acceptable present to the men of Somerset and Cumberland.

He set out for Barrack 11 with the soldier and stayed there three days.

My aunt has sent me one hymn-book, two Woodbines and a lead pencil.

If I had more Relief Money I should purchase more medals.

The Management of the Schonungsbaracke wish to thank the many donors for their kind gifts all of which have been greatly appreciated by the patients. The management would like to receive further support and would remind their fellow-prisoners that every gift in the shape of food-stuffs, however small, is welcome

P. BLAKE
HAIRDRESSER

THE **R.X.D.** IS SURE QUICK and CHEAP!
Letter boxes all over the Camp:
Cleared eight times daily.

England v Rest
Rubbleben

THE BEST NEWS FROM HOME

WANTED AT THE OFFICE!

JOHNSON was out when the Lobster put his beaming face into the box to look for him, but Briggs was in.

"The Rittmeister wants to speak to Johnson at 3 p. m." said the Lobster.

"What about?"

"Something to do with an unsigned letter" and the Lobster put the little slip of paper on the table and was gone. Presently Fegus came in, and seeing the little slip, he picked it up to look at it.

"What's all this about?" he asked.

"I don't know" said Briggs, "there's an unsigned letter or something waiting for Johnson."

Going out together a few minutes later they met Spaty in the corridor.

"I say" called out Fegus as they passed, "if you see Johnson, you might tell him that he is to go over and see the Rittmeister at three. There is an unsigned letter or document or something over there for him."

Spaty, who had learned most of his English in the Camp, had hardly got into the box when the joyous Waterbury rushed in.

"Holloah! Spaty, old boy" he shouted, "I'm going to get out, I believe. Have you heard the latest rumour? Everyone

who can play the piano or wash handkerchiefs is to be let out in a week at most."

"I don't believe him" said Spaty, "Johnson, he only get out, maybe. Paper waits on Johnson in the office to sign at three."

"Go on. Is that a fact? He'll get out sure. I must go and find him", and the enthusiast rushed off again. Half way across the yard he remembered that he needed some sugar. Waiting in the queue, he espied Inters in the distance.

"I say Inters" he shouted, "Johnson has a signed document or release or something waiting for him at the office. He's to go for it at three. You might tell him if you see him."

"Right, I will" replied Inters, continuing his interrupted walk and conversation. By the boiler-house Inters ran into Johnson himself.

"Oh! there you are. The whole Camp is looking for you. There's a signed release or something in the office for you, and you're to be there at three."

"It must be my release" said Johnson, "I've done nothing, said nothing, written nothing."

And the glad tidings went round the Camp that Johnson was getting out. The sparrows whispered it, the canteen girls (they had not yet left) laughed it, the policemen growled it, only the captains — did not believe it.

But Johnson went back to his box, and gathered his things together and crawled under the bed looking for lost ties and cleaned the mildew off his boots. And when all things necessary had been accomplished, and Johnson's baggage was packed up and the hour of three had come, Johnson went to the Rittmeister, who pointed out to him that he had forgotten the necessary details on an outgoing letter; and Johnson went back to his box and hanged himself — which is really the best thing he could have done. He was always such a beastly bore.

T. GOVETTE.

The
R. D. S

will present on

AUGUST 4th

and subsequent nights

"THE SILVER BOX"

by

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

This is a play of human interest and will appeal to everyone in the Camp.

THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG.

AN ACCOUNT.

SICK with the world, and "sch'echt
[gelaunt"
(Which in our tongue is paramount
To "narked"). I went to see the
[Count
de Luxe.

"'Tis here" cried I "I'll" sink my
[woes
In merry song and subtle "mots",
A playful glance or two from those
Whose looks

With hearts both young and old
[coquette
And bind with Amor's links the set
Which circulates within "Debrett"
viz—Dukes.

And there I saw Herr Brisard — he
Has got a little vis-à-vis
Named Juliette, and for him she
Just cooks.

"'S WAR KOLLOSSAL"

— O Juliette, O virgin chaste,
Take my advice and get thy waist
Of Empire cut more tightly braced
With hooks. —

The Count arrived, a motley crew
Of Masks and dresses entered
[too.
The Count's own special lady — —
[Phew!
Some looks!

To Basil raise the cup! All hail!
"'S war kolossal!" Expressions fail
Justly to eulogise Angele.
Gad — zooks!

The Countess K., a prim old maid,
Was five and sixty in the shade
And Peebles-Conn's orchestra played
Like books.

F. C. R.

PHOEBE'S FIRST DAY IN CAMP.

Phoebe, my new briar pipe, slim, light, elegant, unadorned but for one ring of silver, had just arrived, I enquired anxiously about her journey.

"Lovely" she said "except for the last lap. While we were in the cab, (I presume she meant the yellow parcel-post van) we were shaken about terribly, and finally we had to be taken out and passed along from hand to hand. Nearly all of us were dropped on the way. A tin of biscuits in the next parcel to mine, that is — yours".

"Ours, Phoebe" I whispered tenderly.

"Had her head broken open. It was horrible."

"Our boys do their best" I explained in extenuation, "but they do not seem to be able to catch very well. But go on."

"After that I had a day's rest. Then suddenly I was seized, and someone in uniform tried to take all my things off me."

"It was only the military censor looking if you had any newspapers hidden away on your 'person'."

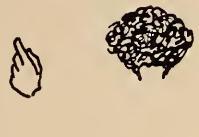
She blushed and changed the subject, "I hope you did not have to wait long for me?"

"Only two hours."

"Two whole hours. Suppose it had rained?"

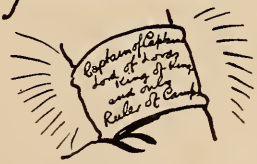
"Why then I should have got wet, of course. But as to the time, two hours is not such a very long wait — for Ruhleben. We spend most of the day waiting about for things. When we first came, the Captains, you must know, called a meeting to decide how they could best prevent time from hanging too slowly on our hands. One of them had a brillant idea — it's a fact. He pointed out that the longer we had to wait for definite articles such as butter, boot-polish, etc. the less time we should have over to wait for indefinite things such as release etc. and moved that every institution, store, canteen, or other undertaking coming within the authority of this body, be provided with inadequate personnel, in order that those desiring to make use of said institution, store, canteen or other undertaking may be kept waiting for the maximum period of time possible, without unduly annoying or exciting them. Such

A New Noah's Ark.



Hoot Mon!
Peebles Conn
'Prom Band
Grandstand.

Some Chap!
Norman Kapp
Superman!
also – ran.



C'ell
Powell!
Giant Brand
Arm Band.

What Mirth!
Butterworth
Takes Chair
Everywhere.

Not a Pub!
Summer Club
Only Swanks
No Thanks!

D. J.
prepares play
Shakespeare
sheds Tear

Now Japp
Verbum Sap..
Theatre Prices
Brought on Crisis!

Beat Drums
Hawkins comes!
Lots to do!
Swanks too!

DEL MK

Bank Holiday Attraction

RUHELEBEN LYCEUM

One Night Only.

ALL STAR CASTE.

Mr. Soaker has the honour to present the
TOPICAL REVUE

KEEP SMYLLIE

(Which has made even the Skotch Engineers laugh)

CASTE:	*The L. G. A.*	*Mr. Cap*
	The Silent Monk . . .	*Mr. Preachart*
	A Voice	*Mr. P. Nuts*
	Distressed Beauty . . .	*B. Z. am Mittag*
	Captain of a Windjammer	*Mr. Pyke*
	Edwin Oldit	*Mr. Blewma'n*
	Fatimah	*Mr. Dad*
	Spirit of Innocence . . .	*The Russian Lady*
	Two Sighs and a Sob . .	*Mr. Dunke N. Gnomes.*

The Country Dance „Rise Sally Waters" arranged by Mr. Peas.
Circumstances permitting Messrs Pike and Fork will perform a Double Shuffle.

MR. ADDLED'S ORCHESTRA (No Peebles Connection)

THE RUHLEBEN TAILORING DEPARTMENT

Bond St., W.

Gentlemen:

We guarantee that all garments made by us are cut and made by the most experienced and practical ENGLISH CUTTERS, who up to internment were employed by the most eminent tailoring firms. FIT, STYLE & WORKMANSHIP our recommendation.

Alterations and repairs at our branch between Barracks No. 3 and 4.

Prices under the supervision of the Canteen's Committee.

We are, gentlemen
Yours obediently
Amalgamated Cutters
Ruhleben.

maximum in no case to exceed three hours. The motion, Phoebe dear, was carried unanimously. By the way that is where we buy tobacco."

"What! the place that looks like an overgrown rabbithutch?"

"Yes, I have waited a whole hour there for a single ounce of tobacco."

"Do you often have to wait as long as that for tobacco?"

"No, as a rule there is none to wait for, but there was an extra long queue that day. We always wait in queues here," I said proudly.

"Well, there is one man trying to buy out of his turn at any rate."

"Hush! That's a policeman. We have a police-force here."

"Well, what is that policeman doing?"

"He's only putting his head in to have a chat with the salesman; he does that every two or three minutes, I've often watched him.

"But has he no official duty?"

"Yes. He sells matches in fine weather and I believe he has the last decision as to who is to be given change."

"But won't they give everybody change?"

"Of course not. Really, Phoebe, how ridiculous you are. Why should they give change to perfect strangers?"

"What a funny lot of people they seem to be here. And what do they sell in the next hutch?"

"Dry goods. You will notice an interesting list up there over the — er — entrance. There are really two lists, though they have got rather muddled up. First there is a list of things the Camp wants to buy and cannot, and then there is a list of things the Camp does not want to buy, but can. The things the Camp wants to buy have the word 'out' opposite them, while the things they do not want to buy have prices opposite.

"But why don't they stock the things that are wanted?"

"What funny questions you do ask, Phoebe. Why should they? It would only mean a lot more work for everybody. Surely it is much more simple to get in a lot of things nobody wants, and then sit down among them and smoke cigarettes."

"But in that case what is the use of the place?"

"You must ask the Captains that."

"Who are these wonderful captains, you are always talking about?"

"They are the men you see about with withe bands on their arm,"

"Yes, but what do they do?"

I did my best to explain exactly what the Captains do. I even showed her Powell's name on the hot-water coupons. And yet when I thought I had really impressed her, she interrupted me with a quite irrelevant question.

"I don't believe you like the Captains, do you?"

Bank Holiday Attractions

ARTS & SCIENCE SOCIETY on the Third Grand Stand at 7 a.m MR. STARBOARD HARRY will deliver the A. S. S. popular Weekly Lecture

MUSIC AND THE **CALCULUS**

Sinopsis

a) The Mathematical Basis of the Music of the Future
b) The Second differential of the National Anthem
c) Should the Tone scale be based on the Egmangnear or Logarithmic Spiral
d) How to play on the first positive pedal of a parabola
e) The "limiting value" and "equation to the curve" in the music of Xzzlos, Drdrysnts, Stritzmaggiwürfel and others of the Bequadractic Music
f) Elimination of the Tune as shown in the Modernist School, Addla, Kossut, D'Ail, Boky, Movarren.

THIS LECTURE WILL BE ILLUSTRATED BY SELECTIONS FROM THE MASTERS' WORKS ON THE SLIDE RULE, PATENT INTEGRATOR AND PANTOGRAPH.

Bring your own smelling-salts.

BY the way, welcome to the R. X. D. and it will be doubly welcome if we are allowed to book our seats for the various shows by this means. The money could be enclosed and the ticket sent back in the addressed "reply" supplied by the post. Extra cost: 1. one halfpenny for envelope enclosing money and "reply envelope". 2. one halfpenny for "reply envelope" in which ticket would be sent — total cost one penny — and no lining-up. Why not? First come, first served just as in the queue. Now, Mr. Tapp, be a sport!

WE throw a bouquet of golden buttercups at Crossland Briggs Esq. M. A. for the excellent copy he provided us with.

WE throw a big, big bouquet at the Entertainments Committee for lowering their prices.

WE throw a bouquet at the Barrack No. 6 members of the Debating Society for preventing a "Fagin" scene being included in the programme of the Dickens' Evening. We like to see the little 'uns sticking up for themselves.

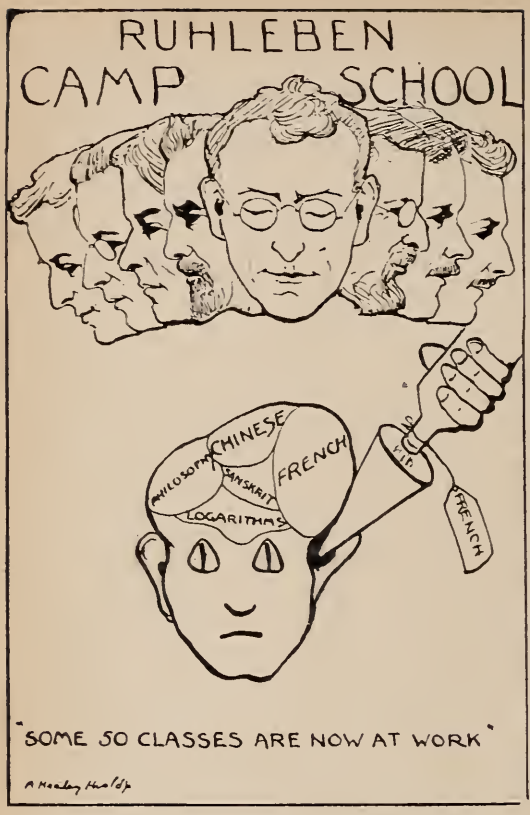
THE COUNT OF LUXEMBURG.

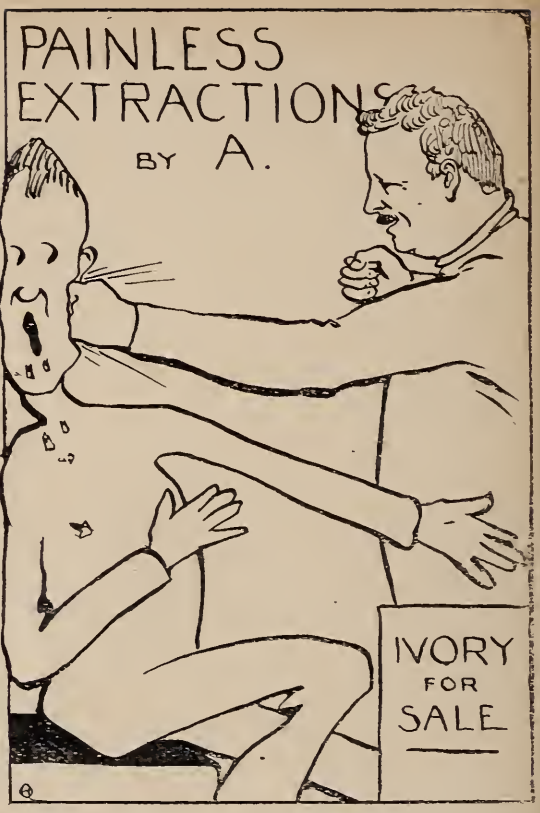
DER Fidele Bauer gave us surprising proof of the lengths to which the Camp could go in musical comedy and we consequently awaited the Graf von Luxemburg with very pleasant anticipation. Unfortunately we have to recognise that this time the exigencies of the Camp proved too strong for us. The acting of Short was the outstanding feature and we have certainly no other artist in the Camp who can make the house rock as he does. The other men were also excellent, notably Austin in the title rôle. The ladies, however, did not sustain the reputation which has been so justly accorded to our Ruhleben actresses. Their acting was quite good but their voices were a terrible traversity. We are sorry that the show was not more worthy of our distinguished visitors. Never mind, better luck next time, Mr. Grib!

THE POETRY EVENING.

THE evening of Modern English Poetry was a fitting commencement to an interesting fortnight. So far as it went, it was a success but we were inclined to feel that we were being given "poetry in slabs". Centuries ago crowds may have gathered to hear poetry recited but to ask a modern audience to fill a hall to hear modern poetry elocuted was, to say the least, a daring experiment. To-day we don't gather in crowds to hear poetry, we regard it rather as a thing for the quiet odd hour and to read poetry to another man implies the very closest intimacy, or else prigishness. Of course we of to-day may be wrong but it is how we take it.

THE Debating Society has again scored; the Dickens evenings were an undoubted success. We are sorry that we have not space at our disposal to eulogise individually, but you see this is a Bank holiday number and we promised no reports.


RUHLEBEN
CAMP SCHOOL
PHILOSOPHY
CHINESE
SANSKRIT
FRENCH
LOGARITHMS
FRENCH
"SOME 50 CLASSES ARE NOW AT WORK"


PAINLESS
EXTRACTIONS
BY A.
IVORY
FOR
SALE

THE RUHLEBEN
TAILORS
WILL
FIT
YOU
LIKE
A GLOVE
TRY
THEM

GET THAT
HAIR OFF
BEFORE
AFTER
FOR ACTORS
THIS STYLE 4D
FOR KNUTS
EXTRA FINISH 6D
IT'S EASIER
FOR US - THE
BARBERS
HAIR
PILLOWS
A
SPECIALTY
2-50 EACH.

The Debating Society

(See No. 3.)

Dear Inkstains:

There was great excitement over last week's debate when the Committee decided to put up a topical subject as a change from the old stagers that have graced, or disgraced, Debating Society syllabuses since the Reform Bill came in. Unfortunately our worthy committee-men are rather like a lot of parsons' sons who, when given an opportunity to have a mild fling, rather overdo the thing. The subject they pitched on was "War Babies — Should they be Legitimised?"

Now despite the fact that only a part of the Camp speaks English we are strictly English with regard to our institutions and we found, that although we had for nine months deemed this lager of ours to be a strictly celibate one, that good old matron, Mrs. Grandy had somehow sneaked in among us. I believe the people who objected to the subject being discussed were very few in number but here as at home, noisy and obnoxious minorities generally manage to sit on the public in general and the Education Committee, an offspring of the Captains' Office, allowed itself to be bullied into vetoeing the debate.

The vetoe however was not made public and the evening found a packed hall all agog to hear the discussion on Britain's latest hopefuls. Owing to the state of day-dream the promenade concert had put me into — a dream of torturing the musicians for the way they tortured Sullivan — I missed the beginning of the debate but I gather that the meeting decided that the Committee were getting quite big boys now and might be left to exercise their own discretion as to subjects without interference by the Captains' Office or any of its excresences.

To fill the programme it was decided to hold an impromptu debate. Subjects and speakers were put into the hat and drawn at random. By this means a debate which might have been held in the hall immortalised in "All sorts and conditions of men" was forthcoming.

Sherlock Holmes spoke for the abolition of the public house but gave one the impression that he was rather a man of action than of words. "The Abolition of Cats" was I think the most fatuons and stalest of the discussions. Now if they had only spelt it "Katz" it might have been quite interesting.

Finally the propostiion "That Vulgarity is not Essential to the Success of the Camp Magazine". I forget the name of the

man who proposed it but he made a rotten job of it. I wish they would have let me get on to the platform.

To reply lo and behold, whose name should be drawn but that of our Camp Editorchen. Trust him to wangle things. I think he might give even the super-men a hint or two regarding self-advertisement. He did cut a quaint figure standing up there I can tell you. He tries to look Bohemian, but only succeeds in looking extraordinary and lately he's taken to wearing his hair like a young porcupine. The idea of this latter idiosyncracy is, I imagine, that if he wore his hair long he might be taken for a superman while if he were to wear it short and brushed he might be included amongst sub-men. Of course, he hadn't anything to say but bluffed the meeting with a story that I should guess appeared in the Winning Post Annual of a year or two back and retired to stand blushing modestly at the back of the platform while Butterskotch threw bouquets at his rag — which was rather sporting of the old boy considering the way he was tweaked in No. 3.

A cheer for the magazine was called for and given and His Nibs informed the crowd that the Debating Society's advertisement in No. 4 would not be entered on their account. I only hope the Camp auditor insists on seeing the cash for that half-page and he has to stump up for his own bounce.

At all events, the crowd enjoyed itself. And so to bed.

Yours faithfully THE MAD HATTER (No. 2).

When writing home for coffee, be sure you order

"FAZENDA"

PURE COFFEE

Imported, roasted and packed by State of San Paulo (Brazil) Pure Coffee Co. Ltd. London. Bears Government Seal — Guaranteed freshly-roasted and ground.

Specially packed in air-tight tins to preserve freshness and aroma of the Coffee.

It is cheaper than tea.

Mr D.A. Lee as
Algernon Smith R.A.

Mr D.K. Greene as
Mrs Bridget Molloy

Mr P.J. Caleb.
as Mrs Mary McGinty.

Sketches from 'Mrs McGinty's Lodger'.

The Irish Players

Mr A.G. Wilson
as 'Skin the Goat'.

SOIRÉES DE DEBUT

DE LA

SOCIETE DRAMATIQUE FRANÇAISE
DE RUHLEBEN

13 et 14 Aout

□□□□□□

ON OPERE SANS DOULEUR

Comedie en un acte d'André Mouezy-Eon

L'ANGLAIS TEL QU'ON LE PARLE

Comedie en un acte de Cristan Bernard

□□□□□□

MISES EN SCENE PAR H. G. HOPKIRK

□□□□□□

De la MUSIQUE FRANÇAISE sera jouée pendant les intervalles par l'orchestre, sous la direction de Mr. MacMillan.

(These two screamingly funny French plays are typical of French humour and will be easily understood by those even less versed in the French language).

□□□□□□

A L'ETUDE:

LA PETITE CHOCOLATIERE
MON BÉBÉ
LA BELLE AVENTURE

FROM THE FRENCH PLAY

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY.

Mr. Hersee is to be congratulated on his excellent production of such a well-chosen play. There were no accidents — no unintended humour, no loud promptings — and the stage furniture behaved itself, being seen but not heard. The smooth running of the piece, coupled with the fact that Mr. Hersee had only fourteen days' notice, implies energetic and capable stage-managing.

Mr. Pearce as the Private Secretary gave us a beautifully consistent piece of work, striking a clear note at the start and holding it until the curtain had dropped; at times his helpless acquiescence in the bewildering maze of misunderstanding he had got entangled in was almost uncanny. There may have been funnier private secretaries; there cannot have been a quainter.

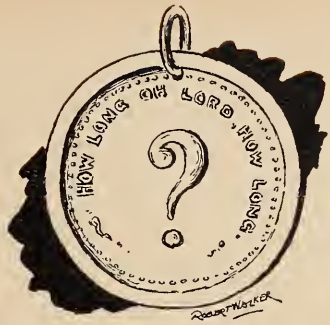
As the short-tempered but good-hearted uncle troubled with a liver, Mr. Merritt surpassed himself. There isn't a character an English audience loves better than the irate country gentleman and Mr. Merritt gave it us just as we like it. We hope to see him again in a similar rôle.

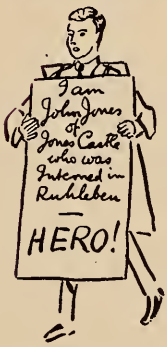
Mr. Woodthorpe as the aspiring tailor, was, as always, convincing He does not act, he is the part. In this case it might almost be said that he was too good, for what we saw was a finished character study where a little more burlesque would have added to the general effect.

The remaining characters played with more or less success up to the standard set them by the principals, giving us a very entertaining evening with plenty of good laughs.

H. M.

CHAIR PLEASE!





Perhaps this would be more distinctive though it might hide your GOLD chain!

But perhaps a mere Tie pin in Rubies, Diamonds, Emeralds and Platinum would suit some people Better!

Mabel Lucas

'Take away these Baubles.'
VIDE CROMWELL IN ENGLISH SCHOOL HISTORIES.

AUX AMIS DE MUSSET

MADAME Chavigny modele des épouses,
Vous etes le bourreau des amants, des jalouses
Et vous nous l'avez dit, si bien si clairement,
Que nous vous en faisons nos meilleurs compliments.

Madame de Léry troublante ingénue,
Pourquoi nous rappeler l'amante disparue?
Ce sourire ces yeux et ce gazouillement,
Ah! que c'est bien français! Avez-vous un amant?

Bon Monsieur Chavigny, quoi donc un caprice?
C'est sentier fleuri bordant un précipice;
Votre coeur l'a senti: félicitations,
Mais évitez du "bleu" toutes tentations.

Cher Monsieur Bonhote a la voix si plaintive,
Pourquoi la "Vision" fut elle fugitive?
"Jean aime sa Jeanne, Jeanne son joli Jean"
Mais vous, vous nous plaisez; revenez-nous souvent.

San Souci.

S. D. F. R.

(Société Dramatique Française de Ruhleben).

NOUS apprenons qu'une société vient d'être formée, dans le but de produire sur notre scène, déjà si internationale, des pièces théatrales françaises (comédies, vaudevilles, etc.).

Le Comité est composé comme suit:

Président: C. F. Drummond,

Trésorier: A. W. Cooper,

Secrétaire: H. Alf. Bell,

Comité: W. E. d'Albert, H. Goodhind, A. Richardson, J. H. Thorpe et C. F. Winzer.

Il paraîtrait que cette société n'est composée que de membres, ayant une connaissance parfaite de la langue française, ce qui nous promet des soirées fort agréables. La soirée de "débuts" aura lieu 13—14 Août et deux pièces typiques de la gaîté française seront produites: "L'Anglais tel qu'on le parle", de Cristan Bernard et "On opère sans douleur", de Meuezy-Eon. Nous souhaitons bonne chance aux organisateurs de ce nouvel élément dans notre camp.

THE **R.X.D.** IS SURE QUICK and CHEAP!

Letter boxes all over the Camp:

Cleared eight times daily.

WISHES — THE NEW GAME.

IT was Tuesday afternoon in the office. We had just had coffee, a treat we allow ourselves on Press Day as we get no lunch, and all was peace — only that perfect peace which engulfs an editorial office when the rag has been finally handed over to the printer and the scribbling people can settle down with a feeling "Well that's over — for better or worse". It is a state of mind which can only be compared to that of a bridegroom comming out of church, for like him, even the most hackneyed of scribes feels a little thrill and is quite sure the "for worse" may be left out of the question.

"Well" said Molly, — he's the tame artist — enquiringly, meaning what was the programme for the rest of the afternoon. "Let's play 'Wishes'," said Spoof (he's the advertising manager). We were all feeling comfy and pleased with ourselves so we only looked. "It's really great fun", he explained in reply to the torrent of unspoken abuse, "you take a piece of paper and a pencil and then you write down a wish." "And then?" we all chorused, "And then you read out the wishes". We all looked again. "Of course", he added hurriedly, "with the ordinary crowd it wouldn't go but with US (He spoke the "us" in large caps) "it ought to yield great fun and ideas" (He always says "ideas" in this sort of holy of holies whisper).

Our Librarian as Mr Pickwick in the R.Deb.Soc's Performance.

After that what could we do! There was just a little difficulty with the Chief who wanted to dictate his wish. "Only SUBeditors wrote" he declared but we assureed him that we had ourselves seen Captain Powell writing while his

Alec Bosy M.P.(?)

stenographer stood by idle and he allowed himself to be stroked down.

"Well now are you all ready?" asked Spoof.

"Wait a bit" interjected the Chief. "Don't you think it would add to the phsycological interest of the game if we were for this time to write what we do at the moment actually want." He has taken to talking ponderously like this since he had a place on the Education Committee.

"If we write dashes, will they be understood?" asked Molly. It took another five minutes to convince Molly that he had not made a joke which was rendered the harder by the sniggering of Hurdy-Gurdy — he's the man who turns the Roneo handle all day, hence his name. At last we were all ready and Spoof cried "Go!". We went, at least we wrote, and ten seconds later Spoof cried "Time".

"Now just to add to the phsycological interest of the game" broke out the Chief, "Let us each just guess what the other has written." We suffered him and Spoof voted that we begin with the Chief. "No, let's begin with Molly" he protested. "No, that is not fair it was Spoof's idea, let us begin with him" said Molly.

Everyone was so shy about reading his production, either being ashamed of it or conscious of having something that would make the others sit up, that the game might have come to an absurd end had not Hurdy-Gurdy shouted "Well look here to settle the matter I will turn round three times with my eyes closed and the one I point at will have to begin and it goes from left to right."

He turned round but once and that once was sufficient to transform our peaceful sanctum into one brawling chaos — our editorial

"another of us!".

BANK-HOLIDAY, RUHLEBEN, 1915.

office is not what one would exactly term spacious and Hurdy-Gurdy weighs eleven stone and wears Camp clogs. Fortunately Taffy — he's the office boy — was out, or rather, unfortunately and for the next ten minutes the atmosphere was a deep, rich blau. (The Camp School gives free German lessons; apply, Secretary. — Advt.)

"Now, look here", said the Chief at length, "we're going to begin with Molly". "All right", said that worthy, "guess away". The Chief gave him one piercing, penetrating glance and then in a tone pungent with regret, declared "Molly, your wish is — here a pause for a sigh — dashes". Righteous indignation is Molly's strong point and Hurdy-Gurdy had to point out that if this went on, we should never get the game finished.

It was Spoof's turn to guess: "To be recognised by the Futurists." The Chief and Hurdy-Gurdy launched themselves with one accord on to Molly's head and sat there till he boiled over. Then it was Hurdy-Gurdy's turn: "To have your pictures recognised for what they are worth". The others sniggered joyfully and Molly face bore a quaint expression. Hurdy-Gurdy tries to be a diplomat but he has an unfortunate way of putting things.

Then it was the Chief's turn to be guessed at and Molly's

to guess. "Molly cocked an eye "To be recognised as a Superman" was his venture. Molly will get sacked if he's not careful. "To write a good Leader" was Spoof's contribution. This again was risky and we others waited rather uncomfortably for Hurdy-Gurdy. "To write a good novel" said he and we breathed freely once more.

The Chief's face lighted up as he turned to Spoof "To produce a magazine with no regard whatever to its Editorial merits, and with an advertisement on every page" he spat out. "To get Powell and all the Captains into procession to carry "I.R.C." sandwich boards round the camp", was Molly's guess. Spoof's eyes lit up "Didn't I say we'd get ideas" he asked triumphantly. "To be advertising manager to Beechman's Pills" was Hurdy-Gurdy's effort.

The Hurdy-Gurdy suggestions were not very bright. They were "To have a Treadle Printing Machine", "To make a law, in the Camp that every man visiting the Theatre should buy a Programme" and "To see Powell turning a Roneo handle for six hours a day".

"Now let's see how near the mark we got" said the Chief. "How far from it you mean" retorted Molly as he took up his slip with a defiant air and read "To have a Casino pass".

The others all gave a start.

Then Shoof: "Well mine's — "To have a Casino pass."

Hurdy-Gurdy looked pleased: "Dear me, how funny mine is" —.

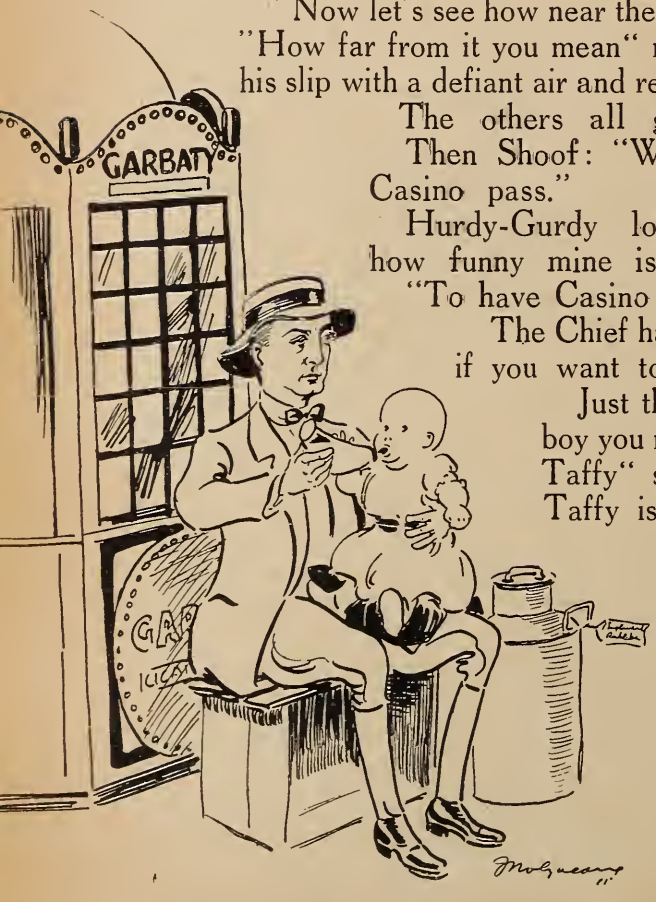
"To have Casino pass" we all shouted.

The Chief had on a sheepish grin: ',Well if you want to know, so's mine" he said.

Just then Taffy — he's the office-boy you remember — returned. "Now Taffy" said the Chief benignly — Taffy is the only one that will stand an "editorial" manner from him so he rather puts on the poor lad — Supposing we were to ask you to write a wish on a slip of paper, what would you write?"

"To be Released". answered Taffy promptly. "Why, we never thought of that!" we chorused.

SPINTHO.



The Camp Wet Nurse.

Member arriving!
The Hidden Glories of the 'Summer House'
Dolce fa Niente.
(It doesn't matter a damn)
FLIES ARE REQUESTED NOT TO DISTURB THE MEMBERS
Club Scandal.

HINTS TO CAMPITES.

1. On Digestion.

A Henry Leighian
Music "Lekker"
1st best attended
After "Brekker"

And P. R. Ichard
(Ever thinner)
Is rather boring
Prior to dinner

While Cecil Duncan
And his upper
Ten are hopeless
Until supper

If for a course of
Pease you're booked
Take special care the
Peas are cooked.
HA – HA.

Mr Peebles Conn's Orchestra plays 'A Little grey Cwm in the West'

PUBLISHERS NOTICES:

"ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS." An Autobiography by *Across-Landbriggs*. MacMillan. 10/6.

THE ELECTRO-CHEMIST AT HOME
THE ELECTRO-CHEMIST ON THE STAGE
THE ELECTRO-CHEMIST IN THE PULPIT
THE ELECTRO-CHEMIST IN CAMP

by *Hatfield*. Being Vols. 23 – 26 of the "Chemist Everywhere" Series.

NEW GRAMMAR OF THE FRENCH TONGUE by *R. Mand von Schlettstaat*. Taugnichts M. 1,20.

Letters to the Editor

ALL letters to the editor must be accompanied by name and Barracke Number of sender, not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith.

Sir:—

Owing to the disappointment caused in the Camp by the existing rules of the newly formed Tennis Club I should like through the medium of your columns to put forward a suggestion, which, if adopted would allow of the poorer members of the Camp being given an opportunity of indulging in an occasional game of Tennis. As readers are aware, the subscription is 20 Marks on top of which one must purchase a racquet, balls and shoes, a total at the very least of 50 Marks.

It is very certain there are a large number of keen tennis players in our midst who, through circumstances over which they have no control, have been obliged to take advantage of the benefit offered by the Relief Fund, thus making it quite impossible for them to become a member. With all due respect to the gentlemen who are responsible for the framing of these rules, I think it a great pity they could not have found time to give a thought to their poorer countrymen and not merely have considered those of independant means.

May I suggest that the Committee allow two courts to be set aside for non-members — making a charge of 50 Pf. per hour. Assuming only 75% of games played were foursomes, it should produce about 150 Marks per week. This would well pay its way and leave a handsome balance for the Club or Camp fund; it would create a better feeling in the Camp and give the desired satisfaction to those wishing for an occasional game.

Yours in the interest of the Camp

A TENNIS PLAYER.

ALL THE WORLD'S a stage and every one on it thinks he can act. From the Ruhleben, Shakespeare.

BY THE WAY, The Promenade Concert programmes don't work when you hold them up to the light.

THE **R.X.D.** IS SURE QUICK and CHEAP!

Letter boxes all over the Camp:

Cleared eight times daily.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

Might I suggest that instead of devoting whole pages to "globe-trotters" of medium interest, it would be more interesting to let us "ordinary" members of the Camp, know something of how and who so ably manages the Parcels Post Dept. They get through a tremendous work and are too little spoken of. Also if you could reproduce figures of parcels given out since November, it would be an interesting memento for the future.

An A-to-Ker.

(Certainly Sir anything to oblige the Camp! See Page 3 — Ed.)

Dear Sir: Ruhleben, 17th July.

With reference to T. A. B's article on Cheaper Entertainments I should like to say that I am entirely in favour of a general reduction in the prices charged for admission to the various shows. We do not want the prices reduced on the evenings of the two final performances, as someone has suggested, but a cheaper admission to ALL shows.

The idea of the performances is to entertain, and the amassing of profits is not only unnecessary, but presents the difficulty as to how same shall be distributed.

Yours truly,

"SKETCHER".

The Popular & charming Dean of Ruhleben University.

Dear Ed.!

No doubt you are aware that a new rehearsal shanty has sprung up behind Barrack 7. Of course there's a piano which is kept "at it" all day, producing the most agonising sounds. I do not venture to say who suffers most, the player or the piano. What have we done to deserve all this? Kindly look into the matter.

Yours,
A PATIENT SUFFERER.

TO the Editor of "In Ruhleben Camp"

Dear Sir:

Up to the present the Debating Society has exercised due care and tact in its choice of subjects for debate. At last, however, they seem to me to have overstepped the mark in choosing such a subject as was advertised for debate on the 13th inst. Everybody knows what that subject was, so there is no need to repeat it here — for was it not acknowledged at that debate that your paper had no need of vulgarity to ensure its success? Surely the committee have become inebriated by the exuberance of their own verbosity to so dream of washing their country's dirty linen in such a place and at such a time. At the debate on the 13th there attended a full house who had evidently gone to the meeting in the expectation of hearing something spicy and when the Chairman put to the vote, apropos of this subject, the question whether the committee was capable of choosing its subjects for debate without interference from the Captains, then of course there was an overwhelming majority for the affirmative. But let the Committee go about the Camp and they will find a different opinion (I hold no brief for Captains). Methinks they may safely leave questions of that sort to a certain weekly periodical we wot of, which specialises in such scandals.

P. M. SHAW.

Mrs Grundy in the Camp!

OUR GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION.

AT School:
We're forced by masters [doubly rude
To geographically grind
In all degrees of Longitude
And scrape within our gaping [mind,
The parallels of Latitude;

Our Stage Hero !

Miss Maud Allan & the Venus di Medici were respectable young women compared to some of the men in this Camp .....!

And here:
We learn to sprawl all demi-- [nude
As savours of our kind,
In all degrees of Loungi—tude,
Whilst nowhere else on earth we [find
Our parallels in Lassitude.

Boj.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"HOW TO CATCH THEM" (In answer to UNEASY" Bar. 7). Having first decided that the spots on your chest are caused by neither measles nor indigestion, devote your attention immediately to your pallias. Get a friend to carry it to some secluded spot. Approach quietly, whistling softly a soothing tune; this will cause "them" to cluster together, raise their little heads and hold their breath in wonder and rapt attention. Seize the opportunity and a tin of Keatings and sprinkle the powder rapidly over them. They will disperse suddenly, rushing hither and thither, as though seeking to keep some pressing engagement. Pursue "them" and on catching up, hit "them" smartly between two sticks or stones, and kill at leisure.

"Necessity the mother etc" (Bar. 5). If you will send us a sketch of the stools you have made out of hard ships' biscuits and pieces of wood we will gladly criticise them.

"Sufferer" (Bar. 20). We sympathise with you and offer the following remedy against mosquitoes which is as effective as any we know. Buy about twelve dozen tins of condensed milk from the Canteen Stores (don't forget to mention the name of this paper), open them and pour contents into a clean bucket. Borrow a clothes brush from a chum and with it smear the milk liberally over the walls and ceiling of your box. Close the window and take a seat in the middle of the floor facing the open door. On observing one of these interesting and musical insects enter, closely follow its movements and as it approaches the sticky walls, give it a sharp push or lean heavily against it. It will probably adhere to the surface. Stun it and humanely kill it (see answer to "Uneasy").

Its carcase must be removed to the bins in front of the Barrack, care to be exercised in depositing it into the correct one, as the placing of meat-stuffs into the paper bins is streng verboten.

How many times is this Gentleman's Barrack No. expressed in his Face ?.

THE RUHLEBEN SUPPLIES DELIVERY

WILL COLLECT ORDERS for Canteen Supplies between the hours

8 — 9 a. m.

1 — 2.30 p. m.

and deliver morning orders before mid-day and afternoon orders before 5.30 p. m.

••••••

Orders will be collected by a representative calling at the barracks between the above-mentioned hours, and delivered at your door in time for dinner and tea.

••••••

NO MORE WAITING IN THE LINE FOR AN HOUR
NO MORE LONG QUEUES IN THE GOLD & RAIN
NO MORE BREAKING ENGAGEMENTS
NO MORE WORRY, GIVE YOUR ORDER —
PAY: AND WE DO THE REST.

••••••

Our representative wears a red band. Look out for him.

Commence Tuesday, August 3rd.

TARIFF: 5% to be charged extra for delivery.
To facilitate matters, please pay cash with order.
Deposit accounts opened. Please address enquiries

RUHLEBEN SUPPLIES DELIVERY
C/o Office of this paper.

OFFICIAL NOTICES

After some negotiations with the Race Course Association we have secured the use of a part of the outer track for tennis. Seven courts have already been made and more will be made in due course. Sufficient members have joined the new Tennis Club to enable the whole of the cost to be defrayed out of the money raised by the subscriptions.

Card-playing is now again permitted on the understanding that there is no playing for money. Everyone wishing to play must hand in his name to the Captain of his barrack. We hope that everyone in the Camp will assist us in carrying out the regulations.

The new Boiler House is also completed with the exception of some of the internal fittings. To those using tickets the cost of hot water has been reduced from 5 to 2 Pfennigs per litre.

The distribution of the sets of Summer Clothing has now been completed. A few are left over which will be handed out to some of those who omitted to enter their names on the first occasion.

A new shop for the Camp Carpenters is being erected behind Barrack VIII, which will enable the carpenters to do their work without interruption and will no doubt also be welcome news to those who frequent the Grand Stand.

ENDER'S SAFETY RAZORS

First class American Manufacture. Each Razor and Blade bears the signature of the Maker, Mr. Enders, as a mark of superiority. 4 Marks each.

"CENTAUR" TIN OPENER AND BOTTLE CAF LIFTER. Opens Round Tins. Opens Square Tins. Removes Bottle-Caps. One Mark each.

THE AWL FOR ALL. American Patent. Every man his own saddler. Sews chain stitch. No DECEPTION.

To be obtained at the

EXCHANGE & MART, Barrack 5 B.

Preliminary Announcement.

On WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY,
AUGUST 11 & 12th 1915
in GERMAN.

"Doktor Klaus"

Comedy in five acts by Adolph L'Arronge.
Produced by Josef Stein.
New Scenery by Leopold Stein.

Besides excellent amateur players, the following

FIVE PROFESSIONAL ACTORS WILL PARTICIPATE:

Alfred Volke, Nuremburg	— in the role of	DR. KLAUS
Sven Holm, Berlin	— „ „ „ „	GERSTEL
Josef Stein, Berlin	— „ „ „ „	LUBOWSKI
Karl Dunbar, Chemnitz	— „ „ „ „	GRIESINGER
Albert Short, Berlin	— „ „ „ „	COLMAR

GEORGE TEGER

Professional Hair-dresser

Grand-Stand

First-class Pedicure.

HOME ADDRESS!—

BARRACK 6, BOX 7.

BUSINESS HOURS:

8—12.– a. m.

2—5 p. m.

SUNDAYS & THURSDAYS:

8—11.30 only.

Books, Music and War-Maps

supplied at the shortest possible notice

at NET SHOP PRICES

No extra charge, not even for postage.

SMALL STOCK IN HAND

Apply between 2 p. m. and 4 p. m. to

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Russian Tailor

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(Next door to Catholic Chapel)

ALL WORK DONE PERSONALLY.

ESTIMATES FREE.

Large Choice of Materials.

HAVE YOUR TAILORING DONE AT KITCHENERS!

Everything a Speciality!

Prices Moderate.

Between Barrack 2 and 3.

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EXCHANGE & MART

Barrack 5 B.

originated & conducted by MORTIMORE HOWARD.

—⊙—

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Put it on the Exchange & Mart Register without delay.

Our motto: KEEP MOVING.

J. S. PREUSS, Printer by Appointment to the Royal Court, Berlin S., Dresdenerstr. 43

I. Steinbock

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Grand Stand Hall.

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at moderate prices.

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The Shopping Centre

Bond Street, Ruhleben.

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Tinned Foods, Fruit & Greengrocery
Refreshment Bar
Grocery and Provisions
Dry Stores
Outfitter
Boots & Shoes
Boot Reparer
Tailor
Watchmaker

We beg to bring the announcement on page 44 regarding the officially appointed Supplies Delivery to the notice of our readers and earnestly request them to make liberal use of this convenience and so help to avoid long queues and long waits.

PLEASE NOTE that the Tailoring Department is in the hands of experienced Cutters.

MADE IN GERMANY By T. A. Barton for the Education Committee of the Engländerlager für Zivilgefangene, Ruhleben, Berlin.